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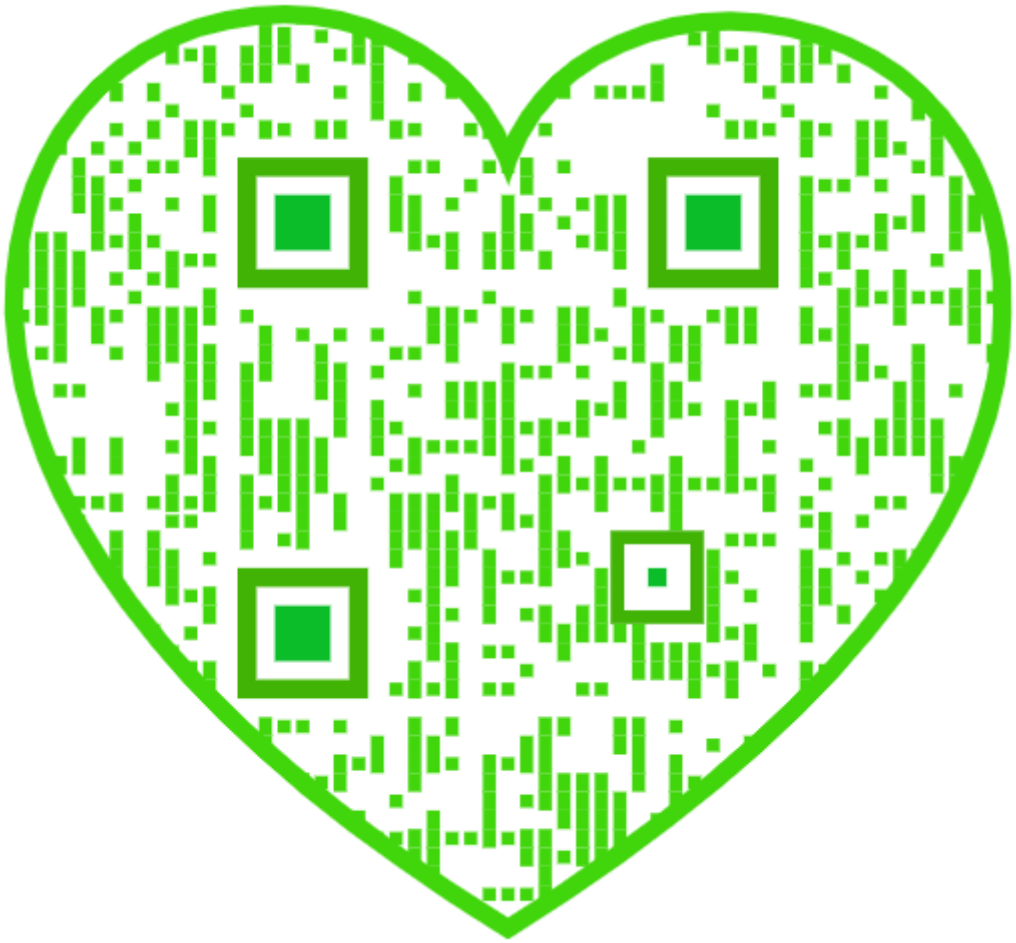

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CHRISTMAS TIMES

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Merry CHRISTMAS

AND

HAPPY NEW YEAR

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

CHRISTMAS

RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

RING out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

CHRISTMAS

RING out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

CHRISTMAS

ING out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

ING out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

ING out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

CHRISTMAS

RING in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

BEYOND the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

BEYOND the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

BEYOND the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

CHRISTMAS

BEYOND the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

BEYOND the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Horatius Bonar

CHRISTMAS

MARY

HER eyes are homes of silent Prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But—he was dead, and there he sits
And He that brought him back is there.

WHEN one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the life indeed.

ALL subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

THRICE blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

—Tennyson

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